

Here followeth the Interpretation of the na-
mes of goddes and goddesses as is rehersed
in this tretyse folowynge as Poetes wypte



Ohebus is as moche to sape as the **S**onnet.
Apollo is the same or elles **G**od of syght.
Morpheus **S**hermer of drems
Pluto **G**od of hell.
Aynos **J**uge of hell.
Cerberus **D**ortet of hell.
Colus the wynde or **G**od of the **E**yre.
Dyana **G**oddesse of wode and chafe.
Phebe the **M**one or **G**oddesse of waters.
Auroza **G**oddes of **p** moze or **s**pryg of **p** daye
Mars **G**od of batayll
Jupiter **G**od of wysdom.
Juno **G**oddesse of rychesse
Saturne **G**od of colde.
Ceres **G**oddesse of corne.
Cuppydo **G**od of loue.
Othea **G**oddesse of wysdome.
Fortune **T**he varyant **G**oddesse
Pan **G**od shepherdes.
Ilys **G**oddess of frute.
Neptunus **G**od of the se.
Mynerve **G**oddes of **p** bataill or of heruest
Bachus **G**od of wyne.
Mercurys **G**od of langage.
Venus **G**oddesse of loue.
Dyscorde **G**oddes of debate & stryffe
Altropos **D**ethe
There endeth **p** interpretacyon of the names
of **G**oddes & **G**oddesses as is rehersed in the
creatyle folowynge as poetes wryte.

Whan Phobus the crabbe had
nere his cours ronne
And toward þe Leon his Jour
ney gan take,
To loke on Pythagoras speere/
I had begonne

¶ Syttyng all solytary allone besyde a lake.
¶ Mulyng on a maner how þe I myght make.
¶ Realon and sensuallite in one to a corde.
¶ But I coude not bryng about þe manacorde.

¶ For longe er I myght slepe me gan oppres
¶ So ponderously I coude make none obstacle
¶ In myne hede was fall suche an heuynesse.
¶ I was fayne to drawe to myne habytacle.
¶ To rowne w a pylow me lemyd best tpyacle.
¶ So leyde I me downe my dyplease to releue.
¶ Anone cam in Morpleus & toke me by þe sleue

¶ And as I soo lay halfe in a traunle
¶ Twene slepyng & wakyng he bad me arysle.
¶ For he sayd I must geue attendaunce.
¶ To the grete Courte of Wynes the Justysle.
¶ He nought anayled a yene hym to sylogysle.
¶ For hit is oft sayd by hem that yet lyues.
¶ He must nedes go that the deuell dryues.

¶ Whan I see noo better but I must go.
¶ I sayd I was redy at his comaundement.
¶ Wheder that he wolde me lede to or fro.

¶ Soo by Jazole and forth with hym went.
¶ Tyll he had me brought to the parliament.
¶ Where Pluto late and keppe is estate.
¶ And with hym Mynos the Juge desperate.

¶ But as we thyderwarde went by the way.
¶ I hym besought his name me to tell.
¶ Morpleus he sayde thou me call may.
¶ A lyz sayde I than where do ye dwell.
¶ In heuen or in erthe eyther elles in hell.
¶ Nay he sayde myn abydyng most comonly
¶ Is in a lytyll corner called fantasy.

¶ And as sone as he thyle wordes had sayd.
¶ Cerberus the porter of hell w his cheyne.
¶ Brought theder Colus i ragges euyl arayd
¶ Agayn whom Neptun⁹ & Dyana dyd copeyt
¶ Saynge thus O Mynos þ Juge souerayn.
¶ Gyue thy cruell iugemēt ayē this traytour lo
¶ y we may haue cause to pzeyle thy lord Pluto

¶ Then was there made a proclamacyon.
¶ In Plutoos name comaunded scylenc.
¶ Upon the payn of strait correccyon.
¶ þ Dyana & Neptun⁹ might haue audience.
¶ To declare her grefe of the grete offence.
¶ To hem do by Colus wheron they cōplained
¶ And to begyn Dyana was constreyned.

¶ Whiche thus begyn as ye shall here.

¶ Saynge in this wyle. O thou lord Pluto.
¶ Wyth thy iuge Hypnos lpytting w thei fere
¶ Execute your fury vpon Colus soo.
¶ Accordyng to thofence that he to me hath do
¶ That I haue no cause forther to appele.
¶ Whyche yf I do shall not be for poure wele.

¶ Remembre fyrst how I a goddesse pure.
¶ Ouer all desertes / forestes and chaces.
¶ Haue the guydyng and vnder my cure.
¶ This traytour colus hath mani of my places
¶ Destroyd w his blastes & daily me manaces
¶ Where ony wood is he shall make it playne.
¶ If he to his lyberte may resoꝛte ageyne

¶ The gretest trees that ony man may fynde
¶ In forest to shade the dere for her comfoꝛte.
¶ He breketh he asoder oꝛ rendith he rote & ride
¶ Out of the erthe this is his dyspoꝛte.
¶ So that the deere shall haue noo resoꝛte.
¶ Wythin shoꝛte tyme to noo maner shade
¶ Where thozough the game is lykly to fade.

¶ Which to my name a reproche synguler.
¶ Sholde be foꝛ euer whyle the worlde laste.
¶ And to all the goddes an hygh dyspleyer.
¶ To see the game soo destroyed by his blaste.
¶ Wherefoꝛe a remedy puruey in haste.
¶ And lete hym be punysshed after his offence.
¶ Coulsyder the cryme and geue your sentence.

And whan Dyana had made her compleyt
To mynos the Iuge in Plutoos presence.
Came forth Neptun² wth bylage pale & feynt
Despyrnyng of fauour to haue audyence.
Saynge thus Pluto to thy magnyfycence.
I shall reherce what this creature.
Colus hath done me out of mesure.

Thou knowest well that I haue the charge
Ouer all the se and therof god I am.
No shyp may sayl keruel/bote ne barge.
Grete karyk nor hulke wth ony luyng may.
But he haue my saueconduyte than.
Who me offendith wythin my Iurysdyccyon.
Owyth to submyt him to my correccyon.

But in asmoche as it is now soo.
That ye hym here haue as your prysoneze.
I shall shew my compleynt soo.
Wherfore I pray you that ye wyll here.
And let hy not escape out of your daungere.
Tyl he haue made full sethe & recompence
For hurt of my name throug his grete offence.

First to begyn this Colus hath ofte.
Made me to retozne mi course ageyn nature.
Wyth his grete blastes whan he hath be alofte
And charged me to labour fer out of mesure.
If it was grete merueyl how I might endure
The com of my swete wyll testyfy.

That on the se bankes I ye beten full hye.

Secundly where my nature is.

Both to eb & flowe and so thy course to kepe.

Ofte of myne entent hath he made me mys

Where as I shulde haue fylled dykes depe.

At a full water I myght not theder crepe.

Before my season came to retorne ageyn.

And than went I faster than I wold certayn

Thus he hath me dryuen ayen myn entente

And contrary to my course naturall.

Where I shuld haue be he made me absente

To my grete dyshonour & in espyall.

Do thyng he bled that worst was of all.

For where I my sauegard graunted

In that coste he comonly haunted

Of very pure malyce and self wyll.

Theym to destroy in dyspyte of me.

To whome I promised both in gode & yll.

For to be her protectour in all aduersyte.

That to theym shulde fall vpon the se.

And euen sodenly or they could beware

Wyth a soden pyrr he lapped theym in care.

And full oft syth wyth hys boystous blaste.

Or they myght beware he drof he on þe lond

And other whyle he brake top sayl & mast.

Which caused thei to peryllh or thei cā to lond

¶ They cursed they the tyme þe euer they me fad
¶ Thus amonge the people lost is my name.
¶ And so by his labour put I am to blame.

¶ Consyder this mater and ponder my case.
¶ Tender my compleynt as rygure requyret
¶ Shew forth youre sentence wth a breef clause
¶ I may not longe tary the tyme fast expyret
¶ The offence is grete wherfore it desyret
¶ The more greuous payn and hasty iugement
¶ For offence don wylfully wyl non auyement

¶ And whā þe god pluto a whyl had hi bethought
¶ He rowned wth mynos what was to do.
¶ Then he sayde openly lōke thou sayl nought
¶ Thy sentence to yue wthoute fauore soo.
¶ A yke as thou hast herde the causes the too.
¶ And so euenly dele twene thise partyes two
¶ That none of hē haue cause on þe other cōpleint

¶ Thenne sayd mynos full indyfferently
¶ To Dyana & Neptunus is there any more.
¶ That ye wyl declare ageyn hym openly.
¶ Nay in dede they sayd we kepe none in store
¶ We haue sayd Inough to punyssh hym fore
¶ If ye in this mater be not parcyall
¶ Remembre your name was wont to be egall

¶ Well than sayd Mynos now let vs see.
¶ What this boyssous Colus for hys self say say

¶ For here Prima facie to vs doth appere.
¶ That he hath offended no man can say naye
¶ Wherefore thou Colus wythoute more delaye
¶ Shape vs an answer to thyne accusemente
¶ And elles I must procede vpon thy iugemēt

¶ And euen as col^r was onward to haue said
¶ For his excuse / came in a messengere.
¶ Fro god Appolo to Pluto and hym prayde.
¶ On his behalfe that he wythoute daungere
¶ wolde to hym come & brýge wyth hym in fere
¶ Dyana and Neptunus vnto his banket
¶ And yf they dysdeyned hys self he wold hē fet.

¶ Moreouer he sayde to god Appolo
¶ Desyred to haue respyte of the iugemente
¶ Of Colus bothe of Hypnos and Pluto
¶ So Dyana & Neptun^r were therwith cōtēt
¶ And yf they were dyspoled to assente
¶ That he myght come vnto his presente
¶ He it desyred to knowe his offence

¶ What say ye herto sayd Pluto to hem tweyn
¶ Wyl ye both assente that it shal be thus
¶ Ye sayd the goddesse for my parte certeyne
¶ And I also sayd this Neptunus
¶ I am well plesid quod this Colus
¶ And whan they had a whyle th^r togyd spoke
¶ Pluto commaunded the court to be broke

And than togeder went they in fere.
Pluto and Neptunus ledynge the goddesse
whome folowed Cerberus in his pylonere.
And alderlast wyth grette heuynelle.
Came J and Morpleus to the forteresse.
Of the god appolo vnto his banket.
Where many goddes and goddesles met.

Whan Appolo se that they were come.
He was ryght glad & prayed theym to lye.
May sayd Dyana this is all and some.
Ye shall nie pardone J shall not lye yet.
J shall fyrste know why Colus abyde.
And what execucyon shall on hym be doo
For his offence well sayd Appollo.

Madame ye shall haue all your plesere.
Syth that it wyl none otherwyle be.
But fyrste J pray you let me p mater here
why he is brought in this perplexyte.
Well sayd Pluto that shall ye sone se.
And gan to declare euen by and by.
Bothe theyr complayntes ordynatly.

And whan Appolo had herd the reporte
Of Pluto in a maner simplynge he sayd.
J se well Colus thou hast small comferte.
Thy selfe to excuse thou mayst be dysmayde.
For to here so grette cōpleyntes apon the layd
And not wythstondyng if thou can say ought.

¶ For thyne own wele say and tary nought

¶ Nota

¶ Forsooth sayd Colus yf I had resppte.

¶ Hereto an answer cowd I counterfete.

¶ But to haue her grace moze is my delyte.

¶ wherfore I pray you all for me entrete.

¶ That I may by your request her gode grace gete

¶ And what payn or greef ye for me prouyde

¶ wythout ony grutchyng I shall it abyde.

¶ To good dame sayd god Appollo.

¶ what may he do moze but lew to your grace.

¶ Beholde how the tezes from his eyen goo.

¶ It is satysfaction half for his trespase.

¶ Now glo:yo^s goddes shew your petioⁿ face

¶ To this pore prysoner at my request.

¶ All we for youre honour thynke thus is best.

¶ And yf it lyke you to do in thys wyle.

¶ And so to foryeue hym clerely his offence.

¶ One thyng surely I wyll you promyse.

¶ If he ought rebell and make resystence

¶ Or dysobey vnto your sence.

¶ For euery tree that he maketh fall.

¶ Out of the erthe an Cryle shall.

¶ Soo that youre game shall not dyscrease

¶ For lacke of shade i dare vnder take

¶ well sayd Appollo sayd she than wyll I cease

¶ Off all my rancour and mercy w you make

¶ And than god Neptunus of his maner spak
¶ Saying th' appolo though Dyana hym relese
¶ yet shall he sue to me to haue his pease.

¶ A layd Appolo ye wende I had forgete.
¶ You for my lady Dyana the godd esse.
¶ Nay thynke not so for I wyl you entrete.
¶ As well as her wythoute longe processe.
¶ Wyl ye agre that Ihebus your maystresse.
¶ May haue the guydyng of your baryaunce.
¶ I shall abyde quod he her ordynaunce.

¶ Wel than quod appolo I pray you godds all
¶ And goddesses that ben here presente.
¶ That ye companable wyl a bozde falle.
¶ Nay than layd Othea it is not conuenyente.
¶ A dew ordze in euery place is expedyente.
¶ To be hadde wherfore ye may not lette.
¶ To be your own marshal at your own baket

¶ And whan appolo se it wolde none other be
¶ He called to hym Aurora the godd esse.
¶ And layd though ye wepe ye shall before me.
¶ Kepe your course and put yourself in p'sse
¶ Soo he her set fyrste at his owne messe.
¶ Wyth her moyst clothes w' tetes all be ipreſt
¶ The medewes in may shewther of her cōpleit

¶ Next her sat Mars myghty god and strong
¶ Wyth a flamme of fyre enuyroned all aboent

¶ A crown of yron on his hede a spere i his hōd
¶ It semed by his chē as he wold haue fought.
¶ And next vnto hym as I perceyue mought.
¶ Sat goddesse Dyana in a mantell fyne.
¶ Of black sylke purfyled w poudred crimine

¶ Lyke as he had take þ mantell & the ryng
¶ And next vnto her arayed roally.
¶ Sat the god Iuppyter in his demenyng.
¶ Full sad and wyle he semed sykely.
¶ A crowne of tynne stood on his hede.
¶ And that Irecorde of all phylosophers.
¶ A lytyll store of Coyne kepe in her cofres.

¶ Tornyed to hþ in syttyng next there was
¶ The goddesse Iuno full rychely besene.
¶ In a sercote þ shone as bryght as glas
¶ Of goldsmyth werk w spāgles wrought beden
¶ Of royall ryches wanted she none I wene.
¶ And next to her sat the god saturne.
¶ That oft syth causeth many one to mozne.

¶ But he was clad me thought straungely
¶ For of froste & snowe was all his aray.
¶ In his honde he helde a sawchon all bloody
¶ It semed by his chere as he wold make a frai
¶ A baudryck of Ilykles about his neckegaye
¶ He had. and aboue on hygh on his þede.
¶ Couchid w hayl stōes he wered a crow of lede.

And nexte by ordre was set by his syde.
Ceres the goddesse in a garmente.
Of sacke cloth made wth sleues large & wyde
Embrowdered wyth sheues and sycles bent
Of all maner greynes she sealed h^{er} patente.
In token h^{er} she was goddes of corne.
Olde poetes saye she beryth the heruest hoyn

Then was there set the god cuppydo.
All frellhe & galaunte and costy in aray.
Wyth ouches and rynges he was belet so.
h^{is} paleys therof shon as though it had be day
A kerchpyff of plesauns stood ouer his helmy ay
The goddesse Ceres he lokyd in the face.
And wyth one arme he her dyde embrace.

Next to Cupido in order by and by
Of wordly wysdum sat the forteresse.
Calld Othea chyef grounde of polycy.
Reuler of knyghthode of prudence h^{er} goddes
Clad all in purple was she more & lesse.
Saaf on her hede a crowne there stode.
Couched wyth perles oryent fyne & good.

And nexte to her was god Pluto set
Wyth a derke myste enuyrond al about.
His clothy was made of a smoky net.
His colour was bothe wythin & wythoute.
Foule derke & dymme his eyen grete & stoute.
Of fyre & sulfure all his odoure wale.

¶ That no was me whyle I beheld his face

¶ Fortune the goddesse w her perty face.

¶ Was vnto Pluto next in order sette.

¶ Waryant she was ay in shorte space.

¶ Her whele was redy to turne wythout let.

¶ Her gowne was of gawdy grene clamelet

¶ Chaungeable of sondry dyuerse colours.

¶ To þ condycyons accordyng to her shoures

¶ And by her sat thoughe he vnworthy were.

¶ The reorde god Pan of shepherdes þ gyde

¶ Clad in russet frese & breched lyke a bere.

¶ Wyth a grete terbor hangyng by his syde.

¶ A shepcok in his hōd he spared for no pryde.

¶ And by his fete lay a prekered curre.

¶ He rateled in þ throte as he had þ murre.

¶ Thus the goddes bare hym conipany.

¶ For at the table next she sat by his syde.

¶ In a close kyr ell embrowdered curpously

¶ W braunches and leues brood large & wyde.

¶ Grene as any grasse in þ somer tyde.

¶ Of all maner frute she had the gouernaunce

¶ Of fayours odyferous was her sustynauns

¶ Next to her thay was god Neptunus set.

¶ He sauoured lyke a fyssh of hy i spak before

¶ It semed by his clothes as they had be wet.

¶ About hy i his gyrdested hig fysshes many a xx

score

Of his straunge aray merueyled I soze.
A shyp wyth a top and sayle was hys cresse.
He thought he was gayly dysgyled at fest

Thā toke mynerue the goddes her sete.
Joyntly to Neptunus all in curas cladde.
Gaūtelettis on hōdes & sabatōūs on her fete
She loked about as though she had be in ad.
A hammer and a sythe on her hede she hadde
She wered two bokelers one by her syde.
That other ye wote were this was al her prid

Thā cam þ god bach⁹ & by her set hþ down
Holdynge in his honde a cuppe full of wyne.
Of grene vyne leues he wered a Joly croun
He was clad in clustres of grapes gode & fine
A garlonde of ypp he chose for his sygne.
On his hede he had a thredbare kēdall hode.
A gymlot and a faulet therupon stode.

Nert hym sat phebus wyth her colour pale.
Sat she was of face but of complexion feynte.
She sayd therewled Neptun⁹ & made hþ bayl
And ones in þ monthe w pheb⁹ was she meit
Also ne were she Ceres were ateynte
Thus she sat & tolde the myght of her nature
& on her hede she wered a croun of siluer pure

Joyntly to her Marcurys toke his see.
As came to his cours wytnesse the zodyake.

He had a gylden tonge as fyll for his degree
In eloquence of langage he passed al þe pake
For in his talkyng noman coude fynde lake
A box wyth quyck syluer he had in his honde/
Multyplyers know it wel in euery londe

By hym sat dame Vlen^e wth colour crySTALLINE
Whos long here shone as wyre of gold bryzt
Cryspe was her skyn her eyen columbyne
Kauylshed myne herte her chere was so lyzt
Patrones of plesaunce be named wel she myzt
A smocke was her wede garnysshed curpuss
But all other she had a wanton eye

On her hede she wered a red coper crowne
A nosegay she had made ful plesauntly
Bytwene her & aurore Apollo set hym doune
Wyth his beames bryght he shone so feruently
That he ther wyth gladyd al þe company
A crown of pure gold was on his hede set
In syne þe he was mayster & lord of þe banket

Nota

Thus was the table set round a bonte
Wyth goddes & goddesses as i haue you told
Awatyng on the bord was a grette route
Of sage phylosophers & poetes many fold
There was sad Sychero & Arystotle olde
Tholome Dorothe wyth Dyogenes
Plato Myllchala and wyle Socrates

¶ Gortēs & Saphā? w hermes stode behynd
¶ Aupcen & Auerops wyth hem were in fere
¶ Galpen & ypocras that physyk haue in mynd
¶ wyth help of Esculapyō toward hē drowner
¶ Ulygyle Orace Duyd and Omcre
¶ Euclpde and albert yauē her attendaunce
¶ To do the goddys & goddesses plesaunce

¶ Horeberded Orphe? was there w his harpe.
¶ And as a popt musycal made he melody
¶ Other mistral had thei non saf Dangā to carpe
¶ Of his leud bagpyp which caused y compani
¶ To law yet many mo ther wē yf i shuld notly
¶ Som yong som old both better and werse
¶ But mo of they? names can I not reherce

¶ Of al maner deyntes there was habūdauce
¶ Of metes & drynkes foyson plenteuous
¶ In cam Dyscord to haue baryaunce
¶ But there was no roum to set her i that hous
¶ The goddis remembred the scysme odious
¶ Among the thre goddesses y he had wrought
¶ At the fest of Peleus wherfore they thought

¶ They wold not w her delc in a venture
¶ Lest she hem brought to som unconuynente
¶ She scyng this was wroth out of melure
¶ And in that grete wrath out of y paleyse wēt
¶ Sayg to herself that chere shuld thei repent
¶ And anone w Atropes happed she to mete.

As he had ben a goost came in a wyrdyng shete

She toke hym by þe hond & rowned in his ere
And told hy of the banket þe was so delycate.
How she was receyued & what chere she had þre
And how euery god sat in his astate
Is it thus qd attropos what in þe deuyls date
Well he sayd I se well how the game goth
Ones yet for your sake shal I make he wroth

And whan she had hym al togyder told
From her he departed & of her toke his leue/
Sayng þe for her sake his way take he wolde
In to the paleys his maters to meue
And oþ he thens went he crowed he to greue.
Wyth such tydynges as he wold hem tel
So forth he went & spake wordes fell

Whan he came in the pience of þe goddis elle
As he had ben mad he loked hym a bout
His shete from his body downe he let fall
And on a reud maner he saluted al the route
Wyth a bold boys spekyng wordes stoute
But he spake all holow as it had ben one
Had I poken in a nother world þe had wo begon

He stode forth boldly w gyrm countenaunce
Sayng on this wyle as ye shal here
All ye goddes yeue attendaunce
Unto my wordes wout all daungere

Remember how ye made me your offycere
Altho wyth my darte fynally to chastyle
That shold obeyed or wolde your law dyspyle

And for the more surete sealed my patent
Gyuyng me full power so to occupy
Wherto I haue employed myn entent
And that can dame Nature testefy
If she be examyned she wyll not it denye
For whan she forsakyth any creature
I am al redy to take hy to my cure

Thus haue I deuly wyth al mi dyligence
Executed the offyce of olde antyquyte
To me by you graunted by your comyn sctence
For I spared none hygh nor low degre
So that on my parte no faute hath be
For as sone as any to me commytted was
I smote hy to þ hert he had none other grace

Hector of Troy for al his cheualry
 Alexander the grete & myghty conqueroure
 Julius Cesar w al his compayne
 Dauid nor Josue nor worthy Artur
 Charlis the noble that was so gret of honour
 Nor Judas Machabee for al his trew herte
 Nor Godfrey of Boleyn coud me not asserte

Nabugodonozor for al his grete pryde
 Nor the kyng of Egypt cruel Pharaon

Iason ne Hercules went they neuer so wyde.
Coloras Hanyball nor gentyll Syppo.
Cyrus Achilles nor many a nother mo
For say? nor foule gat of me no grace
But al be at y last I leased hem w my mace.

Thus haue I brought euery creature
To an ende both man tyl he foule and best
And euery other thyng in whomedame nature
Hath ony Iurysdyccon eyther most or lest
Except oonly one in whome your be best
Is to me broke for ye me promysed
That my myght of non shold haue be dyspyled

Wherof the agntrary daoe I well a uow
Is trow for one there is that wyl not apply
Into my correction nor in no wyse bow
To the dynt of my darte for dole nor desteny.
What comfourt he hath nor the cause why
That he so rebellyth I can yot thynk of ryzt
But yf ye hy graunted your alders lascondyght.

And yf he so haue than do ye not as goddis.
For a goddys wrytyng may not reuerled be.
If it shold I wold not gyue you u pelecodd?
For graut of your patent of offycenere of fee.
Wherföre in this mater do me equyte
Accerdeg to my patent for tyl this be do
Ye haue nomore my seruyse nor my gode wy

¶ And when al the goddis had attropos hered
¶ As they had bey wode brayd bp attones
¶ As sayd they wold not rest tyll he were conqered
¶ Taken and dystroyed body blode and bones
¶ And that they swere grete othes for þ nouns
¶ Her lab to dyspyce that was so malapert
¶ They sayd he shuld be taught for to be so pert

¶ Wel sayd Appollo yf he on erth be
¶ Wyth my brennyng chare I shall hy cōfound
¶ In feyth quod neptunus & he kepe these
¶ He may be well sure he shall be drownd
¶ As sayd Mars this shaue we wel found
¶ That ony dysubeyed oure goodly precept
¶ We may well thynk we haue to long slept

¶ But neuertheles where I may hym fynd
¶ Wyth this a lyghtning about I shall hy chase
¶ And I quod Saturnus before and behynd
¶ W my bytte cold shall shew hy harde grace
¶ Well sayd Mercurys yf I may se his face
¶ For euer of his spech I shall hym depryue
¶ So thathym were better dede than alpyue

¶ Ze quod Othen yet may he well be
¶ In the eyr where he wyl say you no leue
¶ Wherfore my counseyl is that all we
¶ May entrete Neptun⁹ his rabcout forpue
¶ And than I dout not Colus wyl hy myscheue
¶ So may ye be sure he shal you not escape

Tellis. of you anger he wyl make but a lape.

But for to tel you how Colus was brought.

In daungere of Pluto yet had I forget

Wherfore on this mater forther wyl I nouzt.

Procede tyll I therof haue knowlege you let

It befell on a day the weder was wete

And Colus thought he wold on his dysport.

Goo in reioyse his spyrytis and comforte

He thought he wold se what was in þ ground

And in a krauers forth he gay hym dresse

A drough had the erthe late before found.

That caused it to chyne & kraup more & lesse

Sodenly by wete constreyned by duresse

Was the ground to close his supfycyall face.

So streyt that to scape col^r had noo space

This seying Colus be styll wythin abode.

Sekyng where he myzt haue gene fet or nere.

None he was espyed and one to Pluto rode

And told hy how Colus was in his daungere.

Thay sayd he to Cerber^r fet me þ prysonere.

Tyl I haue hy sene lethy not go at large.

As þ wylt answere of hem I geue the charge

Thus was this Colus take prysonere

Thay happed it so that thylawe day

Pluto had prespyed for a grete mater

Hynos to lye in his robe of Ray

¶ Wherefore Cerber⁹ take the next way
¶ And led h^y to the place where the court shalbe
¶ Where I told you Morpheus brought me

¶ So thyder came Dyaua caried in carre
¶ To make her compleynt as I told you all
¶ And so dyd Neptunus & doth make and mar
¶ Walewpyng w^h his wawys & toblyng as a ball
¶ Her matters they meued sal what may befall
¶ There was the fyrst syght & euer I them saw
¶ And yf I neuer do est I care not a straw

¶ But now to my matter retourne agayn
¶ And tu begyn new where I left.
¶ Whan al the goddis had done her besy payne.
¶ The way to contriue how it shuld be rest
¶ Of his lyf Attropos had no cause rest
¶ To copleyn than Phebus stert bpon her fete
¶ And sayd I pray you let me speke a word yet

¶ O thea menyth wel to say on this wyse
¶ But al to entret Neptun⁹ i hope shal not nede
¶ He lenyth I alone durst take & entespryse.
¶ Er I am begyled or elie I shal spede
¶ How say ye Neptunus shal I do this dede.
¶ Wyl ye your rancour seale at my request
¶ Madame quod he reule me as ye lyketh best

¶ O remercy sayd she of your good wyl
¶ That it pleyfeth you to shew methat fauours

¶ Wherfore the goddys hygh pleyſur to fulfyll
¶ Performe my deſyre & leue al olde rancoure
¶ For our elders wele & ſauyng of oure honour
¶ Agayn this colus that ye long haue had
¶ It is done quod he forlooth than am I gladd

¶ Sayd he now than Colus be þ to vs trewe
¶ Keep well the eyr and oure grete rebell
¶ May we than ſone euer to vs ſubdew
¶ Yes and that quod Colus ſhall here tell
¶ Nowhere in the eyr ſhall he reſt nor dwell
¶ If he do therof put me in the faute
¶ Wyth my bytter blaſtes ſo ſhal I hyſ alaunt

¶ What ſayd the god Pluto what is his name?
¶ That thus preſumyth agayn vs to rebell
¶ Wertu quod attropes þ haue he mykyl ſhame
¶ He is neuer confounded thus of hyſ here I tell
¶ I ſayd this pluto in dede I know hyſ wel
¶ No hath ben euer myn btter ennemye
¶ Wherfore this mater agayn hyſ take wyll I

¶ For all the baytes þ we for hym haue layde
¶ Wythout my helpe be not worth a peze
¶ For though ye all the contrary had ſayd
¶ yet wold he brede right nigh your althris ere
¶ No maner of thyng can hym hurt or dere
¶ Save only a ſone of my baſtard
¶ Whos name is dice he keepyth my barwarad.

Wherfore you Cerber? now I the charge
Of Colus & wyl that thou heder fet
My dere sone Uyce & say that I hy charge.
That he to me come wythou: ony let
Armed at all poyntes for a day is set
That he wth Uertu for al þ goddis sake
In our defence must on hym batayl take.

Forth they went Cerberus wth his fyry cheyn
Brought thyð byce as he cōmaūded was
Agayn noble Uertu þ batayl to dercygne
On a glydþg serpent rydþge a grete pace
Formed lyke a dragon scaled hard as glas
Whoos mouth flammed fyre wout fayll
Wyngs had it serpentyne & a long tayll

Armed was byce all in cure boyll
Harde as horne blacker fer than lute
An vngoodly sort folowed hym perde
Of vnhappy capteyns of myschyfe crop & rot
Dyde was the fyrst þ next hy rode god wote
On a rozyng Lyon next whom came Enuy e
Spytting on wolfe he had a scornful eye

Wrath bestode a wylde boze & next hy gā ride.
In his hond he bare a bloody swerd
Next whom cam couetise þ goth so fer & wide
Rydþg on a Olyfaūt as he had ben a ferd
After whom rode Gloteny wyth his fat berd
Spytting on a bere wyth his grete bely.

¶ And next hy on a gote folowed Lechery

¶ Sloth was so slepy he came all behynd

¶ On a dull asse a full wery pale

¶ Thysle were þ capteins that byce coud fynde

¶ Best to let his feld & folow on the chafe

¶ As for pety capteyns many mo there was

¶ As sacrylege symony & dyssymulacyon

¶ Manslaughter moorde theft & extorcyon

¶ Arrogauce Presūpcyon wyth contumact

¶ Contēpcyon Cōtempt & Inobedyence

¶ Malyle frowardnes grete Jelasy

¶ Wodnes Hate Stryf and Impacyence

¶ Unkynndnes Oppsion w wofull neglygēce.

¶ Murmur Myschef fallshod & detracyon

¶ Usury Perjury Ly and adulacyon

¶ Wrong Ranyne Sturdy byolence

¶ Fals Jugement w Obstynacyon

¶ Dysceyt Drunknes & Improvydence.

¶ Boldnes in yll w foule and Rybaudy.

¶ Fornycacyon Incest and Auoutry

¶ Unshamefastnes w Prodygalyte

¶ Blasseme baynglozy & worldly vanyte

¶ Ignorauce Dyssydence w Jpocrysy

¶ Scylme Rancour Debate and Offence

¶ Herely Etour w Idolatry.

¶ New sangynes and sotyll falle Pretence

Tordynat desyre of worldly excellence

Trayned pouerte wpyth apostasy

Tysclaunder scorn & vnkyned Jelousy

Thoozdom baudry false mayntenaunce

Treyson abusyon and pety brybry

Tusurpacyon w horryble vengaunce

Tcame alder last of that company

Tall thyle pety capetayns folowed by and by.

Tshewyng theymself in the paleys wyde

Tand say th; y were redy that batayl to abyde

Toylnes set the compys in aray

Twithout the palayse on a fayr felde

TBut there was an ost for to make a fray

TI trowe suche a nother neuer may beheld

TMany was the wepyng among he & they weld

TWhat they were & canie to that dysporte

TI shall you declare of many a sondry sort

There were bosters crakers & brybours

TDraters salets stretchers and wythers

TShamefull shakelets soleyn slaue dours

TOppressours of people and myghty crakers

TMayntenours of quatels horryble lyers

THeues traytours w false heretykes

TCharmers sorcerers & many scylmatykes.

TDreuy symonyakes wpyth false blurers

TMulptylers corn wallhers & clyppers

Wrong blurpers wyth grete extorcyoners
Wachyters Glosers and fayre flaterers.
Malycyous murmurers with grete claterers
Cregetours Tyselers fepners of tales
Lasspuous lurdeyns and Dykers of malys.

Rouners Wagabundes forgers & lesingis.
Robbers Reuers Rauenous Ryfelers.
Choppers of Chyrches fynders of tydynges
Merers of maters and monymakers.
Stralkers by nyght wyth Cuydroppers.
Fygghters Brawlers Brekers of louedayes
Gettters Chydets Caulers of trapes.

Tyttyllis Tyrauntis w Tourmentours.
Corlpyd apostatis Kelyggyous dyslymulers:
Closshers Carders wyth comon halardours.
Tyburne colops and Durkytters.
Dylacy knyghtys double tollpnyng Myllers.
Gay Joly tapsters w hostelers of the strewes.
Hores and Hawdes that many bale brewes

Gold blasphemers wyth falle Jpocryptes.
Brothellers Brokers abhomynable sweters.
Drypylls Dallardes dyspyffers of ryghtis
Homyrdes Hoyneners & comon morderers
Scoldis Caytyues Comberous clappers.
Idolatres Enchauntors w falle regenates.
Sotyl ambydextrys and sekers of debatis.

Pseudo prophetes false Sodemytes.
Quesmers of chyldren wyth fornycatours.
Wetewoldes that suffre syn in ther syghtis.
Auoutres and abhomynable auauntours.
Of syn grete clappers & makers of clamours.
Unthryftes & vnlustes came al to that game
W lusk & loselus þe might not thryue for shak

These were the comons þe came thid þe day.
Redy bowne in batayl Vertu to abyde.
Apollo theyn beholdyng began to say.
To the goddys & goddesses beyng there þe tid
He semyth conuenient an herowd to ryde
To Vertu & byd hy to batayl make hy boune
Hyself to defend forsoth it shal be lone.

And let hym not be sodeynly take.
All dyspurneyed or that he beware.
For shay shold our dyshonour awake.
If he were cowardly take in a snare.
Ee quod Wyce for that haue I no care.
I wyll auantage take where I may.
That heryng Morpleus puely stalc away.

And went to warne Vertu of al this afray.
And bad hy awake and make hymself strong
For he was lyke to endure that daye.
A grete mortall shoure er. it were euenlonge.
W Wyce wherfore he bad hym not longe.
Cary to send after more socoure.

¶ If he dyde it shold tozne hym to dolour.

¶ And brefely the mater to be declared.

¶ Lyke as ye haue herd begynnyng and ende.

¶ Well quod Vertu he shall not be repared

¶ To the feld I wyl go how it wende.

¶ But gramercy Horple? myn own dere frede

¶ Of your trew herta faythfull entente.

¶ That ye in this mat to me ward haue ment.

¶ This done Horpleus departed away.

¶ Fro Vertu to the palayse retoznyng agayn.

¶ Done hym alpyed that I dare well say.

¶ In whych tyme Vertu dyde his besy payn

¶ People to reyle his quarell to maynteyn.

¶ Ymagynacyon was his messengete.

¶ He went to warne people both ter & nere.

¶ And bad hem come in all hast they myght

¶ For to strength Vertu for wyth out fayll.

¶ He sayd he shold haue long or it were nyght.

¶ Wyth Wyce to do a myghy strong batayl.

¶ Of yngracyo? gestes he byngyth a gret tayll

¶ Wherfore it behouyth to help at this nede.

¶ And after this shal Vertu rewar yo? mede

¶ Whan ymagynacyon had gone his cyrcuyte

¶ To Vertues frendis thus all about.

¶ Wythin short tyme many men of myght

¶ Gadered to Vertu in all that they myght.

¶ They hym comforted & bad hym put no doute.
¶ His bitter enemy Uyce to ouerthrowe.
¶ Though he hym hym brouzt neuer so gret azow

¶ And whan Uertu se the sustaunce of his oost
¶ He prayed all the comons to the feld hem hye
¶ Wyth her pety capteyns both lest and mooste
¶ And wyth his capteyns shold folow redely.
¶ For he sayd he knew well þe Uyce was ful nye.
¶ And who myght fyrst of þe feld recouer þe cētre
¶ Wold kepe out þe other he shuld not esely etre

¶ Then sent he forth Baptym to þe feld befoze
¶ And prayed hym hartely it to ouerse.
¶ That no maner trayn nor cottrop theyn woē
¶ To nor nor hurt hym nor his meyne.
¶ And whan he thyder came he began to se.
¶ How Uyce his pursuauant crime oꝝ pygnall.
¶ Was entred befoze and had sealed by all.

¶ But as sone as herof Baptym had a syght.
¶ He fled fast away and left the feld alone.
¶ And anone Baptym entred wyth his myght.
¶ Serchyng al about where this crym had goff
¶ But the feld was ciene defaut foud he none.
¶ Then came Uertu after with his gret oost.
¶ And his myghty capteyns both lest and moost

¶ But to enfourme you how he thyder came.
¶ And what maner capteins he to þe feld brouzt.

Hymselfe lekerly was the fyrst man.
Of all his grete host þ̄ thyderwarde sought.
Syttynge in a chare þ̄ rycheley was wrought.
Wyth golde and peerles ægemyes precyous.
Crowned with laurer as lord byctoryous.

Houre doubty knyghtes about þ̄ chare went.
At euery corner one hit for to gyde.
And conuey accordyng to. Vertue his entent.
At the fyrst corner was Wyghtwysnesse þ̄ tyde.
Prudence at the seconde was set to abyde.
Ath̄ thyrd strength þ̄ fourth kept temperaunce.
These þ̄ chare gyded to. Vertue his pleasaunce.

Next to þ̄ chare seuen capyteyns there roode.
Echone attre other in ordre by and by.
Huniplyte was þ̄ fyrst a lambe he bestroode.
With contenaunce demure he rood full soberly.
A fawcon gentyll stood on his helme on hy.
And next after hym came there. Charyte.
Rydyng on a tygre as fyll to his degre.

Roody as a roole aþ̄ he kept his chere.
On his helme on hyghe a pellycan he bare.
Next whom can pacyfece þ̄ nowhere hath no pere
On a camell rydyng as boyde of all care.
Alexis on his helm stood so forth gan he fare.
Who next hym folowed but lyberalyte.
Syteng on a dromedary þ̄ was both good & fre.

¶ In his helm for his crest he bare on of pray.
¶ And next after hym folowed abstinence.
¶ Rydyng on an hete was trapure and gay.
¶ He semed a lord of ryght grete excellence.
¶ A popyniay was his crest he was of gret dyscre.
¶ Next hym folowed chastyte on an uncozne.
¶ Armed at all poyntes behynde & befozne.

¶ A tortyl done he bare on hyghe for his crest.
¶ Than came good besynesse last of þe seven.
¶ Rydyng on a panter a sondry coloured best.
¶ Gloriously beseen as he had come from heuen.
¶ A crane on his hede stood his crest for to steuen.
¶ All these. vii. capteyned had standardis of pryce.
¶ Eche of hem accordyng after his duple.

¶ Many pety capteyns after these went.
¶ As trewe feyth & hope mercy pease & pyte.
¶ Ryght trouth mekenesse w good entent.
¶ Goodnes concord & partyte unyte.
¶ Doeest trewe loue with symplycyte.
¶ Prayer fastyng preyng almyldede.
¶ Joyued with þe artycles of the crede.

¶ Confessyon contricyon & satisfaccyon.
¶ With sorow for synne & grete repentaunce.
¶ Foryeuenesse of trespas w good dyspolsyon.
¶ Resystence of wrong performyng of penance.
¶ Holy deuocyon wth good contynaunce.
¶ Presthe de hem folowed with the sacramētis

¶ And sadnesse alle wyth the commaundementes

¶ Suffraunce in trouble wyth Innocensy

¶ Clennes contynence and virgynyte

¶ Ryndnes reuerence w curteysy

¶ Content & pleased wyth pyteous pouerte

¶ Entendynge wel mynysteryng cquyte

¶ Twene ryght & wrong hole indyfferently

¶ And labouryng the seruyse of god to multiply

¶ Refuse of ryches & worldly bayngloze

¶ Perfeccyon wyth perfyght contemplacyon

¶ Belyggon professyon wel kept in memory

¶ Merry drede of god wyth holy predycacyon

¶ Celestyall sapyence wyth gostly inspyracyon

¶ Grace was the guyde of al this meyne

¶ Whome folowed konnyng w his genealogy

¶ That is to say grammer and Sophistry

¶ Philosophy naturall logyke and Rhythyke

¶ Arismetrycke geometry wyth astronomye

¶ Cancen and Cyuill melodyous musyke

¶ Noble Theology and corporal physyke

¶ Moralyzacyon of holy scrypture

¶ Profound poetry and drawyng of pycture

¶ Thysc folowed connyng & thys wyth h'neyn

¶ Wyth many one mo offeryng her seruyse

¶ To Werru at that nede but not wythstoddyng thay

¶ Some he refused and sayd in nowyse

¶ They shuld wyth hym go & as I coude auyle
¶ Thylewore her names fyrst Pygromancy
¶ Geomanly magyke and glotony

¶ A dryomanly Dynomancy w pyromancy
¶ Fylenomy also and pawmestry
¶ And al her sequeles yf I shal not lye
¶ Yet connyng prayed Uertu he wold not deny
¶ Theym for to know noz dysdeyn his eye
¶ On hem to loke wherto Uertu graunted
¶ How be it in his werres ge wold not they haüted

¶ So had they connyng lyghly to depart
¶ From Uertu his feld and they seyng this
¶ By connyng assent hyred them a carte
¶ And made hem be carryed toward Wyce Jwys.
¶ Fro thens forth to serue hy this wold, not mys
¶ For loth they were to be maysterles
¶ In stede of the better the worse there they ches

¶ But forth to relese al the crmenant
¶ Of pety capteins that wyth Uertu were
¶ Moderate dyet and wysdom auenant
¶ Euen weyght and mesure ware of contagyo² ge
¶ Loth to offend ann louyng ay to here
¶ Worthyp and profyte w myrth in maner
¶ Thyle pety capteyns wyth Uertu were in fere

¶ Comons hem folowed a grete multitude
¶ But bycaine pylon to that other syde

¶ I trow there was not brefely to conclude.
¶ The .x. man that batayl to abyde.
¶ Yet neuertheles I shal not from you hyde.
¶ What maner people they were & of what secte
¶ As nere as my wpt therto wyll me direct.

¶ There were noble and famous doctours.
¶ Example yeuers of lypyngracyous.
¶ Perpetuel prestes and dyscrete confessours.
¶ Of holy scrypture declarers fructuous.
¶ Rebukers of syn & myscheues odpyous.
¶ Fylshers of soules & louers of clennes.
¶ Dyspyfers of beyn and worldly rychesse.

¶ Dealyble prelatys Justycyal gouernours.
¶ Founders of chyrges wyth mercyfull peres.
¶ Reformers of wrong of her progenytours
¶ On peynfull pore pyteous compassyoners
¶ Well menyng marchautes w trewartefecers
¶ Wyrgyns pure and also Innocentes
¶ Hooly matrones w chast contynence.

¶ Oylgymes & palmers w trew laborers
¶ Holy heremytes goddys solycytours
¶ Honesteryal monkes & well dysposed freres
¶ Chanons and nonnes feyth pfessours
¶ Of worldly people trew coniugatours.
¶ Louers of Cryst Confounders of yll.
¶ And all that to godward yeue her good wyll.

Mayntenours of ryghte berey penytentes.
Destroyers of errour causers of vnyte.
Trew actyfyuers that set her ententis
The dedis to performe of mercy and pyte
Contemplatyf people that delyze to be.
Salytary seruauntis vnto god alone.
Bather the to habound in rychesles echone.

Thyse wyth many mo than I reherce can
Were come thyder redy that batayll to abyde.
And take such part as fyl to Vertu than
Uyce to uercome they hoped for al his pyde
Al though he had more people on his syde
For the men that Vertu had were ful sure.
To trust on at nede & connyng in armure

Macrocolme was the name of the feld
Where this grete batayll was set for to be
In the myddys therof stode colyence & beheld
Whyche of hem shold be brought to captyuyte
Of that noble tryumph Iuge wold he be
Synderelys sate hy wythyn closed as a park
In his table in his honde her dedys to marke.

To come in to the feld were hygh wayes .ii.
Fre to both partyes large brode and wyde
Vertu wold not tari but highed hy thyd blin
Lest he were by vyce deceyued at that tyde
Long out of the feld loth was he to abyde
In auenture that he out of it were kept.

For thā wold he haue thouzt he had to long slept

¶ In this mene tyme whyle Vertu th^o pceded

¶ For h^e & his people the feld for to wyne.

¶ He charged euery man by grace to be guyded

¶ And al that euer myght þ feld to enter ynne.

¶ In all that season went ozygynal synne.

¶ To let Wyce know how Baptym w his hoste.

Had entred Macrocolme & serched euery cooste

¶ A sayd Wyce I se well it is tyme.

¶ Baners to dysplay & standardes to auaunce.

¶ Al most to long haddest þ tarped cryme.

¶ To let vs haue knolege of this puruepaunce.

¶ Yet I trow I chal lerne hem a new daunce.

¶ Wherefore I commaund you al wout delaye

¶ Toward the felde drawyn all the hast ye may

¶ Than sayd þ god Pluto þ al men myzt here

¶ Wyce. I the charge as thou wylt elchem.

¶ Our heuyous Indygnacyō þ draw not arete

¶ But put þ forth holdly to ouerthrowe Vertu.

¶ In sayth quod Attropos & I chal after sew

¶ For yf he escape oure hondys this day.

¶ I tell you my scruple haue lost for ay.

¶ North than rode Wyce w al his hole strength

¶ On his stede serpentyne as i told you byfore.

¶ The ost that h^e folowed was of a grete lēgh.

¶ Among whō were penous & gnyts mani a scot

Of hys pety capteynes he made many a kniſt
For they ſhuld not fle but manly wth him fight

He doubted fallſhod wth Dyſſymulacyon.
Synony Uſury Wrong and Rybarody.
Malice Deceyt Lye w^{thout} Extorcyon.
Perjury Dyſſydence and Apoſtaſy.
Wth boldnes in yl to bere hym company.
Thyſe xiiii. knyghtes made byt that daye.
To w^{yn} her ſpores they ſayd they wold aſſay

In lyke wyſe Vertu doubted on his ſyde:
Of pety capteyns other fourtene.
Whiche made her auou wth hym to abyde:
For ſpores wold they wth þ^e day ſhold it be leſt
Thyſe were her names yf it be as I wene
Feyth Hope & Mercy Trowth & allo Ryght.
Wth Reſſtence of wronge a full hardy wyghte

Confellon Contricyon wth Satyſſaction
Merrey drede of God Performyng of penaunce
Perfeccyon Connyng and Good dyſpoſicion
And all knyt to Vertu they were by alpauns
Wherfore to hym they made aſſuraunce.
That ſeld to kepe as long as they myght.
And in his quarel agayn Wyce to fyght.

The lord of Macrocolme & ruler of þ^e ſce
Was called frewyl chawmger of the chaſſice:
To whome Vertu ſent emballaours thre

¶ Reason dyscrecyon & good remembraunce.
¶ And prayed hy be fauorable his honoure to chas
¶ For but he had his fauour at y poynt of neoe
¶ He stood in gret doute he coude not lightly spede.

¶ In lyke wyse. Wyce embassatours thre.
¶ For his party vnto fre wyll sent.
¶ Temptacyon foly & sensualyte.
¶ Praying hy of fauour that he wolde assent.
¶ To hy as he wolde at his comaundement.
¶ Haue hy estones whan he lyst to call.
¶ On hy for ony thyng y after ward myght fall.

¶ Answer gaue he non: to neyther party.
¶ Saue oonli he sayd y batayll wolde he se
¶ To wete whiche of hy shold haue y byctory.
¶ Hit hyg in his balaunce y ambyguyte.
¶ He sayd he wolde not restrayne his lyberte.
¶ Whan he come where sorow shold awake.
¶ Than it shold be know what part he wyl take

¶ Whan. Vertu & Wyce be her ambassatours.
¶ Knew of this answer they stood in gret doute.
¶ Neuertheles they seyde they wold edure tho shours
¶ And make an ende shortly of y they wet aboute.
¶ Soo forth came. Wyce w all his grete route.
¶ Er he came at y felde he sent yet priuely.
¶ Sensualyte before in maner of a spy.

¶ Whiche seme y felde w his vnkynde seepe.

That caused Vertu after mykyl woo to feele
For therof grewe nought but all oonly weede.
Whiche made the grounde as sleper as an yele.
He went a yene to vice & folde hym euery dele.
How he had done and bad hym come a way.
For he had so purueyde þ byce sholde haue þ day.

Soe as it happed at þ felde they mete.
Frewyll bertu and vice as tripartite.
Saaf bertu a litil before the felde had gete.
And ellis his auatage so; soth had be fullyght.
Not for they encombred so was neuer wyght.
As bertu & his men were with the ranke. wede
That in þ felde gre w of sensualitees seide

But as soone as byce of bertu had a syght.
He gan swage gonnes as he had be woode
That heryng bertu comaunded euery wyght
To paupce hym vnder the sygne of þ rode.
And bad he not drede but kepe styll where thy.
It was but a shour shold lone cofoude (stode.
Wherfore he comaunded the stad; kepe her groun

And whan byce cam nerer to the felde.
He callyd soze for bowes & bad hem shote faste
But bertu & hys meyny bare of with þ held.
Of the b p l y d Teynyte ay tyll shot was past.
And whā shot was done byce cam forth at last.
But polsyng the felde wyth assaute to wyth.
But stū kept it long he myght not ent theryn.

All that tyme frewyl stode & hym bethought.
To which he myzt leue & what yt he wold take.
At last sensualite had hy lofer brought.
That he sayd playnly he wold forsake.
And in byce hys quarell all his power make.
Nota Iwis quod reason y is not for the beste.
Noforse sayd frewyl I wyl do as my lyst.

Vertu was full heuy when he see frewyl
Take part with byce but yet neuerthelesse.
He dyde that he myght the felde to kepe styll.
Tyll byce with frewyl so sore gan hy oppresse.
That he was constrayned clerely by duresse.
A lytyll tyne abacke to make abew retreat.
All thyng consydered hit was the best feet.

Fyrst to remembre how byce parte was.
Ten ayen one strenger bylyklynelle.
And than how frewyl was with hym alas.
Whoo coude deme vertu but in heuynelle.
Moreouer to thynke how that sllyper gresse.
That of sensualyte hys on kynde seede grewe.
Under foot in standyng encombyed bettere

Bet notwithstanding bertue his men all.
Robelly theym bare and faught myghtyly.
How be it y sleper gresse made many of he fall.
And from thense in maner departe sodenly.
That seying byce his hoost began to shout & cry.
And sayd on y Pluto name on & all is oure

For this day shal Wyce be made a conquerour.

Thus Vertu was by myght of vyce & frew
Dryn out of the feld it was the more pyte yll
How by it yet Baptym kept his ground styll.
And w hym abode feyth hope & vyte.
And konnyng also w a grete meyne.
Confessyon constrycyon were redy at her hond.
And Satisfaction Wyce to wythstond.

But al the tyme whyle Vertu was away.
A mysty conflycte kept they w Wyces rout.
And yet neuertheles for al that grete afray.
Hope stod byryght & feyth wold neuer lout
And euermot sayd Baptym syres put no dout.
Vertu shal return & haue his entent.
This feld shal be ours or let me be hent.

And whyl thyle pety capteys fustend th^r feld
Wyth Vertu his reward come good pleurauns
An hugy mysty hoost & whan he beheld.
How Vertu hym withdrew he toke dyspleasur.
And whā he to h^r cam he sayd ye shal your chās
Take as it fallyth wherfore retorne ye must.
Yet ones for your sake w Wyce shal I Just.

Alas that euer ye shold lese your honour.
And therwyth also y hygh ppetuel crown.
Which is for you kept in the celestyal tour.
Wherfore be ye called chrystys champpon.

THow is it that ye haue noo compassyone.
On baptyme feyth & hope konnyng & brute.
That stād so hard bestad & fyght as ye may see.

All the tresour erthely vnder þ fyrmamēt
That euer was made of goddys creacyon.
To reward theym euently were not equyualent.
For her noble labour in his affleccyon.
Wherfore take vpon you your Ju til dyccyon
Rescu yonder knyghtes & recontynu fyght.
And els a dew your crown: o: al your gret myzt

With these & luche wordys as I haue you tolde
By good perseueraunce vttered in this wyse.
Vertu hym remembred & gan to bere holde.
And sayd yeue trew knyghtis to rescu Iauryle
Let vs no lengar tary from this entrepryse.
Again to þ felde soo Vertu retourned.
That caused hē be mery þ lōg afore had moyned

Auaunt baner qd he in þ name of Jesu
And with þ his people set bp a gret shoute.
And cryed with a loude voce a Vertu a Vertu.
Then began Wylc his hoost for to loke a boutte.
But I trow pleueraunce was not long withoute
He bathed his swerd in his foos blood.
The boldest of hem all not ones hē withstoode.

Constaunce hym folowed & brought hē his spere
But when pleueraunce saw Wylc on his stede.

¶ Noman coude hym let tyll he came there.
¶ For to byd hym ryde I trow it was no nede.
¶ All Vertu his doot prayed for his good spede.
¶ Agayn Wyce he rode with his grete shaft.
¶ And hym ouerthrew for all his sorpyll craft.

¶ That seying Irewill came to conscyence.
¶ And gan hym to repente & he with hym had be.
¶ Prayeng hym of coulell for his grete offence.
¶ That he agayn Vertu had made his arme.
¶ What was best to doo to humylyte:
¶ Whose conscyence must & go so he hym thyder sent
¶ Dysguyled & he were not knowen as he wente.

¶ And whan he thyder came humylyte hym toke.
¶ A token & bad hym go to confessions.
¶ And shew hym his mater with a peteous loken
¶ Whiche done he hym sent to contricyon.
¶ And fro thensforthe to satisfaccyon.
¶ Thus fro poost to pyler was he made to daunce.
¶ And at the last he went forthe to penaunce.

¶ But now for to tel you whē Wyce was oththrow.
¶ A gret part of his doot about hym gan resorte.
¶ But he was so febyll & he coude noman know.
¶ And whan they se & they knew no comforte.
¶ But carped hym a way be a preuy porte.
¶ And as they carped dyspeyre with hy met.
¶ With Wyce his rewarde he cam theym for to fet.

¶ They came there downe goodly ladyes theryn.
¶ From the h^{igh} heuē aboue the fyrmamente.
¶ And sayd the gret Alpha & Do moost souerēyn.
¶ For that nobell tryumphe had hem thyder sent.
¶ One of hem to dryue Uyce to grete tōrmente.
¶ With a fyr strong & she bare in her hande.
¶ And so he dede dyspere & all his hole bande.

¶ The name of this lady was called Prestyence.
¶ She neuer left Uyce ne none & wolde h^{er} folow.
¶ Tyll they were cōmytted by & dyuine sentence.
¶ All to payne perpetuell & Infynyte sorow.
¶ Rìght wysnes went to se & nomā shold hē borow.
¶ Th^{at} al entreted sharpely were they tyll Cerber?
¶ Had hem beshut within his gates tenebr^{es}.

¶ And all & whyle & Prestyēce w^{ith} her scorge smert
¶ To rewarde Uyce gan her thus occupy.
¶ With all his hole bende after her desert.
¶ That other glozy^{ous} lady & came fro heuē on hy.
¶ Hauyng in her honde the palme of byctory.
¶ Came downe to Uertu & toke hym to & p^{re}sēt.
¶ Sayeng thus that Alpha & Do hath hym sent.

¶ And as ferre as I ryght coude vnderstonde
¶ That ladyes name was Predestynacyon.
¶ Uertu & his oost she blessyd w^{ith} her honde.
¶ And in heuyn graunted hem habytacyon.
¶ Whereto eche of hem reseruyd was a crowne.
¶ She sayd in token that they enherytours.

Of the glory were a gracious conquerours.

Wych! done the ladyes' aye to gyder met
And towarde heuen by they gan to sty
Embraced in armes as they had ben knyght.
Togged in a gyrdyl but so sodenly.
As þy wet banysshyd saw I neuþyng wēy.
And anone Vertu wyth al his company.
Kneled down & thāked god of þy vycory.

But had I forget whan Uyce was ouerthrow.
To haue told you hou many of Uycys hoost.
Gan to seke pease & dacked down ful low.
And besought mercy what so euer it coste.
To be her mene to Vertu els þy wē but lost.
And some in yke wyle to feyth & hope sought.
What to do for pease they sayd they ne couzte.

Some also Baptym sewed to be her mene.
Sory to one sory to other as thei hē gete myzte.
But al to Confessyon wēt to make hē clene
And as þy came to cōspere he theþ bad go lyzte.
Er thā old attropes of hē had a lyzt.
For yf he so theym toke, lost they wē for euer
He sayd Uyce to forlake better late thā neuer.

Some eke for locout drew to circūcisiō.
But by hē coud they gete but smal fauoure.
For he in that company was had but in derysyd
Reuerlesse to feyth he bad hē go labour.

Prayng they for olde acqweyntace they socoure
Wel qd feth for his sake I chal do & I may doo
But fyrste for the best way baptym go ye to.

For by hym sonest chal ye recouer grace.
Which chal to Vertu bryng you by processe.
Wherefore in any wyle loke ye make good face.
And let noman know of your heuynes.
So they were by baptym brouzt out of destres
Turned al to Vertu & whan this was done.
Vertu cūmaided frewyl befoze hym come.

To whom thus he sayd I haue grete merueyl
Ye durst be so bold Wyces party to take.
Who had you do so & yauē you that counseyl.
Justly vnto that ye shal me preuy make.
Then sayd frewyl & swemfully spake.
Knelyng on his kne wyth a chere denyng.
I pray you syz let ppte your eyes to me enclyne:

And I shall yow tel the berrey soth of all.
How it was & who made me that way drawe.
For soth sensualyte his ppze name they call.
I sayd reason then I know wel that felowe.
Wylde he is & wanton of me stant hy none awe.
Is he so qd Vertu wel he shall be taught.
As a player shuld to draw another draught.

And w that came sadnesse wyth his sober chere.
Bryngyng Sensualite beyng ful of thought.

And sayd that he had take hym prisoner.
A welcome sayd Vertu now haue I þe I souzt.
Blessed be the good lord as þe wold it is nought
Why arte þe so wanton he sayd for shame.
O þe go at large þe shalt be more tame.

But stode a part a while tyl I haue spoke a word
With frewyl a lytyl & then shalt þe knowe.
What shalbe thy synaunce: then he sayd in boord
Unto frewyl the bend of your bowe.
Begynnyth to shake but suche as ye haue sowe
Must nedes repe there is none waye.
Notwithstandyng that lette what ye can saye.

What is your habillite me to recompense.
For the grete harme that ye to me haue do.
Forsooth sayd frewyl in open audyence.
But only Macrocolme more haue I not loo.
Take þe yf it pleyse you I wyl that it be soo.
Yf I may vnderstand ye be my good lord.
In dede sayd Vertu to that wyl I accorde.

Then made Vertu Reason his leyftenaunte.
And gaue hi a grete charge macrocolme to kepe
That done Sensualite yeld hym recreaunte.
And began for anger bytterly to wepe.
For he demed surely hys sorowe shold not slepe
Then made Vertu frewyl bayl vnto Reason.
Thefeld for to occupy to his behoue that season.

¶ And they sayd Vertu to Sensualyte.
¶ Thou shalt be rewarded for thy besynesse.
¶ Under this furne al fraggylte.
¶ Shalt þ forlake both more and lesse.
¶ And vnd the guydyng þ shalt be of sadnesse.
¶ All though it somewhat be agayn thy herte.
¶ Thy Iugement is gyuen þ shalt it not asterte

¶ And eyn w that came in dame Nature.
¶ Sayeng th^e to Vertu sye ye do me wronge.
¶ By durcella constreynt to put this creature.
¶ Gentyll Sensualyte þ hath me fued longe.
¶ Clerely from his lyberte & let hym amonge.
¶ They that loue h^e not to be her vndloute.
¶ As it were a cast away or a sho cloute.

¶ And perde ye know well a rewe haue I must
¶ Wythin Macrocolme forsoth I say not nay.
¶ O Vertu but sensualyte shal not pform your lust
¶ Lyke as he hath do befor this yf I may.
¶ Therfro h^e restreyn sadnesse shal assay.
¶ How be it ye shal haue your hole lyberte.
¶ Wythin Macrocolme as ye haue had fre.

¶ And whan Vertu had to Nature sayd thys
¶ A lytyll tyme his ey castyng hym besyde.
¶ He se in a corner stondyng Morpleus.
¶ That h^e before warned of þ verely tyde.
¶ A sye sayd Vertu yet we must abyde.
¶ Here is a frend of ours may not be forgete.

¶ After his deserte we shall hys entreate

¶ Morple^s sayd. Vertu I thanke you hertely.

¶ For your trewe herte & your grete laboure.

¶ That ye lyst to come to me soo redely.

¶ Whan ye vnderstod þe comyng of that shoure.

¶ I thanke god & you of sauyng of my honour.

¶ Wherefore this pryncelyge now to you I grāt

¶ That with Macrocolme ye shall haue your haūt

¶ And of fyue posternes þe keyes shall ye kepe.

¶ Lettyng in & out at hyt whome ye lyst.

¶ As long as in Macrocolme your fauour wyll crepe.

¶ Blere whos eyer wyll hardely wth your myst

¶ And kepe your werkes close there as in a chyst

¶ Saaf I wold desyre you spare Pollucyon.

¶ For no thyng may me please þe foueth to corrupcyon.

¶ And whā he had th^s sayd þe keyes he hyt toke.

¶ And toward his castell wth his people went

¶ Byddyng reasoun take good hede & about lōke.

¶ That sensualite by nature were not shēt.

¶ Kepe hyt short he sayd tyll his lust be spēt

¶ For better were a chylde to be vnboze.

¶ Than let hyt haue þe wyll & for euer be lore.

¶ And whā olde Attropos had seen & herd all this

¶ How Vertu had opteyned a stonyed as he stood,

¶ He sayd to hyt selfe son what there is amys.

¶ I trow well my patent be not all good.

¶ Sayeng to the goddys I see ye do but iape.
¶ After a worthy whew haue ye made me gape.

¶ How a deuyl way sholde I Vertue ouerthrow.
¶ When he dredeth not all your hole route.
¶ How can ye make good your patēt wold I know
¶ Hit is to Impollable to byng that aboute.
¶ For stryke hym may I not his out of doute.
¶ A good Attropos sayd god Apollo.
¶ An answere conuenient shall thou haue hertō.

¶ The wordes of thy patent dare I well say
¶ Stretch to no farther but were dame Nature
¶ Hath Jurysdyccyon thē to haue thy way Nota.
¶ And largesse to stryke as longet to thy cure.
¶ And as for Vertu he his no cryature.
¶ Under the predycament coneyned of quantyte
¶ Wherfore his dysstruccyon longeth not to the.

¶ A ha sayd Attropos then I see well.
¶ That all ye goodys be but couēterfete.
¶ For oo God there is that can euerydell.
¶ Courne as hym lest bothe dye & whete.
¶ In to whoos seruyce I shal allay to gete.
¶ And yf I may ones to his seruyce come.
¶ Your names shal be put to oblyuone.

¶ Thus went Attropos fro the paleys wrooth.
¶ But in the mene tyme whyle he there was.
¶ Glydyng by the paleys resyduacyon gooth.

Towarde Macrocolme with a pēynted face.
Clad lyke a pylgryme walkyng a grete pale.
In the forme as he had ben a man of ynde.
He wode haue made reson & sadnesse both blyde

With sensualyte was he soone aqueynted.
To whome he dec. ared his water pryuely.
Bet he was espyed for all his face pēynted.
Then reson h^y comanded pyke h^y thēs lightly.
For his ease qd sadnesse so cou. eyll hym wyll J.
Doo was sensualyte ay kepte vnder foote.
That to resydyuacyon myght he doo no boote.

Then went he to Nature & asked her auyse.
His entent to opteynde what was be fto doo.
She sayd euer syth Vertu of vyce man s pryse.
Reson with sadnesse hath reuled the felde soo.
That J & sensualyte may lytill for the doo.
For J may noo more but oonly kepe my cours.
And yet is sensualyte stronger kept & wours.

Th⁹ her s^g resyduacyō fro thēs he went ageyn
Full of thought & sorow s he myght not spene.
Than reson & sadnesse toke wedehokes tweyn.
And all wyld wātonesse out s felde gan wede.
With all th^r slyper graspe s grewe of the seide.
That sensualyte before therein sew.
And s²⁰ thens forth kept it clene for better w
Than began new grase in the felde to spryng.

¶ All vnlyke & other of colour fayr & bryght.
¶ But then I aspyed a meruelous thyng.
¶ For the grounde of þe felde gan wep hoze & whyt.
¶ I coude not conceyue how þe myght.
¶ Tyll I was enformed & taught it to know.
¶ But wher vertu occupyet must nedes wel grow.

¶ Yet in the mene tyme while the felde thus grow.
¶ And reson with sadnesse therof had gouernaunce.
¶ Many a preuy messenger thyder sent Alerten.
¶ To know yf it were guyded to his plesaunce.
¶ Now prayer eft fastyng & often tyme penaunce.
¶ And whan he myght goo preuely almshoude.
¶ And had hy to his powe et helpe where he se nede.

¶ While þe felde thus reuled reson with sadnesse.
¶ Maugre dame Nature for all her carnall myght.
¶ Came thyder Attropos boyd of all gladnesse.
¶ Wrapped in his shete & axid of eny myght.
¶ Coude wysse hym the way to the lorde of light.
¶ Or ellis where myght fynde ryghtwysnesse.
¶ For sothe sayd reysen I trow as I gesse.

¶ At Vertu his castell ye may soone hym fynde.
¶ I feylyst the labour thyder to take.
¶ And there shall ye know yf ye be not blinde.
¶ The next way to the lord of lycht I undertake.
¶ So thyder went Attropos peyryon to make.
¶ To ryghtwysnesse preyng that he myght.
¶ Be take in to the seruyse of the lorde of lycht.

What sad ryghtwysnesse þolde dotyng foole.
Whome past thou seruyd syth the worlde begā
But oonh hym where hast þ go to scole.
Whether art þ doubl cor elles the sam man.
That thou were fyrst a syr sayd he than.
Ipraye you hertely holde me excused.
Iam olde & febell my wyttys are dysused.

Well sayd ryghtwysnes for as moche as thou.
Knowest not thy mayst thy name shal I chaunge
Ether shalt þ be caled from hēs for ward now
Among all the peple that shal be had straunge.
But whan þ begynnest to make thy chalaunge.
Dredde shalt thou be where so thou become.
And to noo creature shalt thou be welcome.

And as for theym whome thou dedest serue.
For as moche as they presume on hem to take.
That hygh name of god they shal as they desue
Therfore be rewarded I dare vndtake.
Wyth payn perpetual among fendes blake.
And her names shall be put to oblyuon.
Among men but it be in dyscryuon.

Aha sayd Atropos now begyne I wer glad.
That I shal thus auenged of hem be.
Syth they so long tyme haue made me so mad.
Pre go ryghtwysnesse here what I say to the.
The lord of lyght sent the worde by me.

¶ That in Macrocolme felonye shalt thou take
¶ wherfore thy darte redy loke thou make

¶ And as soone as Vertue that vnderstood
¶ He sayd he was pleased that it sholde soo be
¶ And euen forth with he comaunded presthood
¶ To make hym redy the felde for to se
¶ So thyder went presthode with benygnyte
¶ Conueyeng thyder the blessyd sacrament
¶ Of Eukaryst but fyrst were thyder sent

¶ Confessyō contricyon and satysfaccyō (nota
¶ Sorow for synne and grete repentaunce
¶ Holy deuocyon with good byspolycyon
¶ All these thyder came and also penaunce
¶ As her dewte was to make purueaunce
¶ Agayn the comyng of that blessyd lorde
¶ Feyth hope & charyte therto were acoorde

¶ Reason with sadnesse byde his dyligence
¶ To clenle the felde within and without
¶ And whan they se the bodely presence
¶ Of that holy Eukaryst lowly gan they lout
¶ So was that lorde receyued out of dout
¶ With all humble chere debonayre & benygne
¶ Lykly to pleasure it was a grete sygne

¶ Then came to the felde the mynyster fynall
¶ Called holy vnccyon with a crysmatory
¶ The fyue hye wayes in especyall

¶ Therof he anoynted & made hit sanctuary
¶ Whome folowed Deth whiche wolde not tary
¶ His feruent power there to put in vze
¶ As he was conuincid graūtyng Dame Nature

¶ Nota.

¶ He toke his darte called his mortall aunce
¶ And bent his stroke towarde the felde's herte
¶ That seying preesthode had good remembraūce
¶ Towarde the felde tourne hym & aduerte
¶ For except hym all vertues thense must sterte
¶ And euen with that deth there selvyne toke
¶ And then all the company clerely hit forsoke

¶ And as soone as deth thus had selvyne take
¶ The colour of the felde was chaūged sodeynly
¶ The crasse therin seete as though it had be bak
¶ And the fyue hygh wayes were mured vpon hy
¶ That fro thelforwarde none entre shold ther bi
¶ The posternes were also without lette
¶ Bothe inwarde & outwarde fyne fast shette

¶ Whiche done sodeynly deth banysshed a way
¶ And Vertu exalted was aboue the firmament
¶ Where he toke crowne of gloze & is a
¶ Preparate by Alpha & an onmyppotent
¶ The fete frute of macrocolme thyn w h p w t
¶ And on all this mater as I stood musyng thus
¶ Agayn fro the felde to me came Morpleus

¶ Sayēg thus what chere how lyketh y this fyght

Haste thou seen ynough or wyll thou see more
Nay syr I sayd my trouthe I you plyght
This is suffycyente yf I knew wherfore
This was to me shewed for therof he lore
Coueyte I to haue yf I gete myght
I folow me quod he and haue thy delyght

Soo I hym folowed tyll he had me brought
To a fore square herber walled round aboute
Loo qd Morple? here maist thou þ thoufought
I fynde yf thou wyll I put the out of doute
Allytyll whyle we stood styll there withoute
Tyll wytte chyes portet of that herber gate
Requyred by stodye lese vs in there ate

But whan I came in meruayled gretly
Of that I behelde & herde reporte
For fyrst in a chayte apparaylled royally
There late dam doctryne her childern to exorte
And about her was many a sondry sorte
Some wyll yng to lerne dyuerse scyence
And some for to haue perfyte untellygence

Crowned she was lyke an Emperesse
Wich iii. crownes standyng on her hede on by
All teyng about her an Infynyte processe
Were to declare I tell you certaynly
Neuerthelesse some in mynde therof haue I
Whiche I shall to you as god wyll yeue me grace
As I sawe & herde tell in short space

Fast by Doctryne on that one syde
As I remembre late holy Texte
That opened his mouth to þ people wyde
But not in comparyson to Glofe þ late nexte
Moral p[re]soun with a cloke contexte
Late & Scrypture was scrybe to theym all
The late ay wrytyng of that that sholde fall

These were tho that I there knewe
By no maner waye of olde acquayntaunce
But as I befoze saw theym with Wettewe
Company in felde & haupng dalpauce
And as I thus stood halfe in a traunce
Whyle they were occupped in her besynesse
About the walles myn ey gan I dresse
Second f[ra]ment
Where I beheld the meruaylous stoz
That euer I yet sawe in ony p[ic]ture
For on the walles was made memo[ry]
Syngulerly of euery creature
That there had byn bothe forme & stature
Whoo's names reherse I wyl as I can
Byng theym to mynde in o[rd]re euery man

Fyrst to begynne there was in portrature
Adam & Eve holdyng an apell rounde
Noe in a shyp & Abraham haupng sure
A flyntstone in his honde & Isaac lay bounde
On an hyghe mou[n]te Jacob slepyng sounde
And a long ladder stood belyde
Joseph in a Cysterne was also there that tyde.

¶ Next whom stode Moyses with his tables two
¶ Aaron and Urre his armes supportynge
¶ Ely in a brennyng chare was there also.
¶ And Elyze stode clad in hermytes c othyng.
¶ Dauid wyth an harpe and a stone synge.
¶ Ilaye Jeremy and Ezechyell.
¶ And closed wyth Lyons holy Danpell.

¶ Abacuc Mychce wyth Malachy.
¶ And Jonas out of a whales body comynge.
¶ Samuel in a Temple & holy zachary.
¶ Besyde an aulter all bloody stondynge.
¶ Olee wyth Judyth stood there conspyryng.
¶ The deth of Oloferne & Salamon.
¶ A chylde wyth hys swerde drypyng in two.

¶ Many mo pphetes certeynly there were.
¶ Whoos names now come not to my mynde.
¶ Melchysederch also I espyed there.
¶ Brede & wyne offryng as fell to his kynde.
¶ Joachym & Anna stode al behynde.
¶ Embraced in armes to the golden gate.
¶ And holy Johan Baptyst in desert sat.

¶ And now comyth to my remembrance.
¶ I am auyled I saw Sodechy:
¶ And Amos also with sober countenaunce.
¶ Stondyng wyth her faces towarde Sophony.
¶ Neemy & Eldras bare hem companye.
¶ The holy man Job as an Impotent.

¶ Then folowed in ppycture wyth Thoby pacient

¶ Thysle wyth many mo on that one syde.

¶ Of that grene herber portrayed were.

¶ I sayd Morpleus a lityll tyme abyde.

¶ Turn thy face where thy backe was ere.

¶ And beholde well what thou seeſte there.

¶ Than I me turned as he me badde.

¶ With herte ſtedfaſte & countenaunce ſadde.

¶ Where I ſawe Peter wyth his keyes ſtonde.

¶ Poule wyth a ſwerde and James alſo.

¶ Wyth a ſcalop & Thomas holdyng in his honde

¶ A ſpere and Phylp aproched hym to:

¶ James the leſſe nexte hem in ppycture loo.

¶ Stode wyth Bartylmew whych was all flayn

¶ Symon & Thadde ſhewed how they were ſlayn

¶ Mathy and Barnabe drawyng lotrys ſtode

¶ Nexte whome was Marke a Lpen hym by.

¶ Hys boke holdyng & Matthew in his mode.

¶ Reſembled an aungell wyth wyngys g'pouly.

¶ Luke had a calfe to holde his boke on hye.

¶ And Johan wyth a cuppe & palme in his honde.

¶ An Eagle bare his book thus ſaw I hen ſtonde

¶ Gregory and Jerome Auſtyn and Ambroſe.

¶ Wyth pyllys on ther hedes ſtode lyke doctors

¶ Bernard wyth Anſelme and as I ſuppeſe.

¶ Thomas of alquyne and Romynyſh cofellours

¶ Benet and Hew relyggyous gouernours.
¶ Martyn & Iohan with byllshops tweyne.
¶ Were there alio and Crylostom certayne.

¶ Behynd all ihyle was worshypfull Bede.
¶ All behynde and next hym stood Drygene.
¶ Hydynge his face as he of his dede.
¶ Had hem a shamed ye wote what I mene.
¶ For of errour he was not al clene.
¶ And on that syde stode laste of alle.
¶ The noble pphetyssa Sybell men her call.

¶ Let me remembre now I you pray
¶ My barayn is so thynne I deme in my herte
¶ Some of the felyshyp that I there lay.
¶ In all this whyle to haue ouersterte.
¶ A benedicte none ere coude I aduerte.
¶ To thynke on Andrew the apostle w his crosse.
¶ Whome to forgete were a grete losse.

¶ Many one were peynted on that wall.
¶ Whoos names come not to my remembraunce
¶ But thyle I marked in espe cyall.
¶ And moo coude I tell in countenaunce.
¶ Of tyme but forth to shewe you the substaunce.
¶ Of this mater in the myndys of that arbere.
¶ Sat Doctryne coloured as ony crystall clere.

¶ Crowned as I tolde you late here before.
¶ Whoos apparayl was worth tresour In synne

¶ All earthly rychesse count I no more.
¶ To that in cōparyson valewys the a myte.
¶ouer her hede houed a culuer sayz a whyte.
¶ Out of her byll pceded a grete leme.
¶ Downward to Doctryne lyke a sonne heme

¶ The wordes of Doctryne gaue grete redolēs.
¶ In swetnesse of sauour to her dyscyples al.
¶ It fer exceded myz a frankencense.
¶ Or any other tre spyce or els galle.
¶ And whan she me espyed anone she gay me cal.
¶ Ad cōmaūded morple? þhes hold brý me nere
¶ For she wold me hew the effect of my desyre.

¶ She sayd I know the cause of thy comyng.
¶ Is to vnderstand be in ynformal þou.
¶ Sensyble the mater of morpleus his she wringe
¶ As he hath the led about in besyon.
¶ Wherfore now I apply thy natural reason.
¶ Unto my wordes a or thou hens wend.
¶ Thou shalt it know begynnynge and ende.

¶ For whan Colus to pluto was broughte:
¶ By hys owne necligence taken prysone.
¶ Wythin the erth for he so fer soughte.
¶ Sygnifyd is nomore be that matere.
¶ But only to shew the how it doth appere:
¶ That welth vnbrydeled at thyn eye.
¶ Embraceth myn prewle and oft causyth foly.

¶ For lyke as Colus beyng at his large
¶ Streipted hymselfe through his own lewdenesse
¶ For he wolde deepe where he had no charge
¶ Ryght so wantons by her wyldenesse
¶ Of the byng hymselfe in dystresse
¶ Be cause they somtyme to largely deepe
¶ What may woys be suffred thā ouermykell weale

¶ By Aynos the Juge of hell desperate
¶ May be vnderstonde goddys ryght wysnes
¶ That to euery wyght his payne deputate
¶ All ygneth acor dyng to his wyckednes
¶ wherfore he is called Juge of cruelnes
¶ And as for Dyana & Neptunus compleynte
¶ Fygured may be fooles reason feynt.

¶ For lyke as they made her suggestyon
¶ To haue me Colus from cours of his kynde
¶ whiche was impossyble to byng to correccyon
¶ For euermore his lyberte haue wyl the wynde
¶ In lyke wyle fooles other whyle be blynde
¶ wenyng to subdew with her one honde
¶ That is ouermykell for all an hole londe

¶ But what foloweth therof that shall thou here
¶ when they were come to the bankete
¶ The grete Apollo with his sad chere
¶ Soo fayre & curiously gan theym entret
¶ That he made her beerdys on the new gete
¶ Too what wysdome dooth to a foole

Wherefore are children put to scoole
Ofte is it seen with sobre countenance
That wyle men fooles overcome ay
Comyng as hem lyst & all her variaunce
Chaunge from ernest in to mery play
What were they bothe amendeth that day
When they were dreuen to her wyttes ende
Were they not fayne to graunt to be his frende

Myght soo fooles when they haue done
All that they can than be they fayne
Gyue by hed mater to oblyuynone
Without rewarde they haue nomore dayne
And yet ful ofte hath hit be fayne
When they it haue forpete & set at nought
That they full dere haue afterwarde it bought

And as for all tho that represent
To be called goddys at that banket
Resemble falle ydollys but to his entent
Was Morpleus comaunded thyder the to fet
That thousholdest know the maner & the get
Of the paynym law and of her byleue
How false ydolatry ledeth hem by the sleue

For soone bypon the worldys creacyon
When Adam and Eue had broke the precept
Whiche clerkes call the tyme of deuyacyon
The worldly people in paynym law slept

¶ Tyll moyses vnd god the tables of stone kept
¶ In whiche tyme Poetes feyned many a fable
¶ To dyscrete Reason ryght acceptable

¶ And to the entent that they sholde sounde
¶ To the eeres of hem the moze pleasantly
¶ That they sholde rede oꝛ here they gaue they a
¶ And addid names vnto they naturally (groun)
¶ Of whom they spake & callid he goddis by
¶ Some for the strength & myght of her nature
¶ And some for her sotyll wytty coniecture

¶ By nature thus as the leuen planettes
¶ Haue her propre names by Astronomeres
¶ But goddys were they called by olde Poetes
¶ For her gret feruency of werkyn g in her speres
¶ Experyence proueth this at all yeres
¶ And for as other that goddys called be
¶ For sotyll wytte that shall I teche the

¶ How they by that hyghe name of god cant
¶ In this sayd tyme the people was so rude
¶ That what maner creature man oꝛ woman
¶ Coude ony newelte contryeue and conclude
¶ For the comon wele all the multytude
¶ Of the comon people a god sholde hym call
¶ Oꝛ a goddesse after hit was fall

¶ Of the same thyng that was so newe founde
¶ As Ceres for she the crafte of tylthe fonde

¶ Wherby more plentouously corne dyd habounde
¶ The people her called thurgh out euery londe
¶ Goddesse of corne wendyng in her honde
¶ Had layn all power of cornes habundaunce
¶ Thus were þe paynyms deceyued by ignoraunce

¶ In lyke maner Jlys was called the goddesse
¶ Of frute for she fyrst made it multiply
¶ By the name of grassyng & so by proccesse
¶ The name of Pan gan to deuyse
¶ For he fyrst founde the mene shepe to guyde
¶ Some toke it also by her condycyon
¶ As Pluto fortune and suche other doon

¶ Thus all that Poetes put vnder couerture
¶ Of fable the rurall people hit toke
¶ Properly as acte refusyng the fygure
¶ Whiche errour some of hem neuer forsoke
¶ Ofte a falle myrour deceyueth a mannes loke
¶ As thou mayst dayly pryue at thyne ey
¶ Thus were the paynyms deceyued generally

¶ That seyng the dedely enemy of mankynde
¶ By his pouer premyssyue entred the ymagys
¶ Within the Temples to make the people blynde
¶ In his ydolatry standyng on hyghe stagys
¶ In sonioche whoo bled daungerous passagys
¶ Ony maner way by water or be londe
¶ When byd his sacryfyce his ans were redy fonde

¶ Thus durynge the tyme of deuycacion
¶ From Adam to Moyses was ydolatry
¶ Through the worlde vied in conion oppynion
¶ These were the goddys that thou there sy
¶ And as for the a wayters that stood hem by
¶ They polytyke Phylosophers & Poetes were
¶ Whiche feyned the fables þ I speke of here

¶ Then ceased the tyme of deuycacion
¶ When Moyses receyued that tables of stone
¶ Entryng the tyme of reuocacion
¶ On the mounte of Synay stondyng allone
¶ God gaue hymi myght ayene all his sone
¶ And then began the olde testament
¶ Whiche to the people by Moyses was sent

¶ And that tyme dured the Incarnacion
¶ Of Cryste and then began it to lese
¶ For then came the tyme of reconcyliacion
¶ Of man to god I tell the doutlefe
¶ When the sone of man put hymi in prese
¶ Wylfully to suffre dethe for mankynde
¶ In holy scrypture this mayst thou fynde

¶ This Reconcyliacion was the tyme of grace
¶ When fouded was the churche vpon þ fayre stoe
¶ And to holy Peter the keye deliuered was
¶ Of heuen hell dyspoyled was anone
¶ Thys was mankynde deliuered from his sone
¶ And then began the newe testament

¶ Whiche.iii.tymes a sondry bypdyed
¶ Mayst thou hercece yf thou lyst beholde
¶ The fyrst behynde the in ppycture in prouyded
¶ The seconde of the lyst honde shew pphes olde
¶ The.iii.on the ryght honde here it is to y tolde
¶ Thus hast thou in bypon the verey fygyre
¶ Of thele.iii.tymes here shewed in portcapture

¶ That is to say fyrst of deuynacyon
¶ From Adam to Moyses recordeyng scripture
¶ Seconde fro Moyses to the Incarnacyon
¶ Of Cryst kepeth reuocacyon cure
¶ And as toz the thyrd thou mayst be verrey sure
¶ Wyl dure from thens to the worldes ende
¶ But now the.iii.must thou haue in mynde

¶ Whiche is callid pperly þ tyme of pylgremage
¶ After some & some named it otherwyle
¶ And call hit the tyme of daungerous passage
¶ And some of werre that fully hit dysple
¶ But what so it be named I wyl the auyse
¶ Remembre it well and pryncite it in thy mynde
¶ Wherof the fygyre mayst thou me behynde

¶ And elles remembre thyselfe in thynne herte
¶ How Wyce & Vertyue dayly theym occupy
¶ In maner one of hem hym to peruertere
¶ Another to byng hym to endeles gloze
¶ Thus they contynue fyght for the byctory
¶ It is no nede herof to tell the moze

For in this short bylson þ hast seen it before

And as for Attropos greuous compleyne

Unto the gaddys betokeneth noo more

But only to shew the how frendely constreyn

On a stedfast herte weyeth full soze

Good wyll requyret good wyll ayene therfore

Dyscorde to deth hathe ay byn a frende

For Dyscorde byngeth many to her ende

Wherfore Dethe thought he wolde auenged be

On his frendes quarell yf that he myghte

For her gret unkyndnesse in somoche as she

Was among hem all had so in despyte

And at that banket made of soo lyte

Whiche caused hym among hē to cast in a bone

That foude they gnawynge ynough euerichone

Thus ofte is seen on frende for a nother

Wyll say & doo and some tyme maters feyne

And also kynnyfmen a colyne or a brother

Wyll for his alyer he haue cause compleyne

And where that he loueth doo his besy peyne

His frendes mater as his owne to take

Whiche oft lythe causeth mychyll sorow awake

Be hit ryght or wrong he chargeth not a myte

Ap towarde that poynt he taketh lytyll hede

So that he may haue his frowarde appetyte

Ner formed he careth not how his soule spede not

C Of God o: Deuyll haue suche lytyll drede
C howbe it one there is that lord is of all
C whiche to euery wyght at last rewarded hall

C And as for þatayl betwene Vertu holde
C Soo playnly appereth to the inwardly
C To make expolycyon therof new o: olde
C were but superfluyte there fore refuse hit
C In man shall thou fynde þ were kept dayly
C Lyke as þ hast seen it fowtyue before thy face
C The pycture me behynd theweth it i lytyll space

C And as for Macrocolme it is nomore to say
C But the lesse worlde to the comon entent
C whiche applyed is to man both nyght & day
C Soo is man the felde to whiche all were sent
C On bothe partyes & they that thyder went
C Sygnyfye nomore but after the condycyon
C Of cuery manes oppnyon

C And as for the noble knygt Perseueraunce
C whiche gate the felde when it was almost gone
C Betokeneth nomore but the contynuaunce
C Of vertuous lpyng tyll dethe hath auergone
C who soo wyl doo rewarded is anone
C As Vertue was with the crowne on hy
whiche is noo more but cuerlastyng glory

C And as for Þrestynacyon
C That eche of hem rewarded after his deserte

¶ Is to vnderstonde nomore but dampnacyon
¶ To bycypous people is the verrey scourge smert
¶ Rewarde for they fro Vertue wolde peruert
¶ And endelesse Joye is to hem that be electe
¶ Rewarded & to all that folow the same secte

¶ And as for the keyes of the posternes fyue
whiche were to Morple^r rewarded for his labour
¶ Sygnyfye not elles but whyle man is on lyue
¶ His fyue inwarde wyttes shall be every hour
¶ In his slepe occupied in hele & in langour
¶ With fantasies tryfels Illusions & dremes
¶ Whiche Poetes call Morpleus dremes

¶ And as for Residiuacyon is nomore to say
¶ But after Confessyon toznyng avenes to synne
¶ Whiche to every man retoznyth sauns delay
¶ To bycypous lyuyng agayn hym to wyne
¶ Whyle ony man lyueth wyll it neuer blyne
¶ That cursed conclusyon for to byng aboute
¶ But Reason with Sadnes kepe it styll oute

¶ Here hast thou properly the verrey sentence
¶ Herde now declared of this bysyon
¶ The pycture also yeueth clere intellygence
¶ Therof beholden with good dyscrecyon
¶ Loke well aboute and take consyderacyon
¶ As I haue declared whether hit soo be
¶ I syr quoth Morpleus what tolde I the

Hast thou properly the verey sentence
Loke on yon wall yonder before
And all that tyme stood I in a wyre
Whiche way fyrst myn hert wolde yve more
To loke in a stody stood I therfore
Neuethelste at last as Morpleus me hadde
Ioked forwarde with contenaunce sadde

Where I behe!de in portrayture
The maner of the felde even as it was
Shewed me before & euery creature
On bothe sydes beyng drawyng in small space
Soo carpyouly in soo lytyll a compace
In all this worlde was neuer thyng wrought
It were I impossyble in ertne to be thought

And when I had long beholde that pycture
What qd Morpleus how longe shalte thou loke
Daryng as a dastard on yon portrayture:
Come of for shame thy wytte stante a croke
Iheryng that myn herte to me toke
Towarde the fourthe wall toynyng my bylage
Where I sawe Poetes & Phylosophers sage

Many one moo than at the banket
Serued the goddes as I sayde before
Som were made standyng & som in chayris set
Som lokyng on bokys as they had stodyed sore
Som drawyng almenakis & in her hondis bore
Allyriabes takyng the altytude of the sonne

¶ Among whome Dyogenes late in a tonne

¶ And as I was lokyng on that fourthe wall

¶ Of Dyogenes beholdyng the ymage

¶ Sodeynly Doctryne began me to call

¶ And bad me tourne towarde hyr my bylage

¶ And soo then I dyde with humble corage

¶ When thynkest þ she sayd hast þ not thentent

¶ Yet of these foure walles what they represent

¶ The pycture on the fyrst þ standeth at my backe

¶ Sheweth the þ present tyme of pylgremage

¶ Of whiche before I vnto thespake

¶ Whiche is the tyme of daungerous passage

¶ The seconde dyscretly agayne my bylage

¶ The tyme expresseth of Deuyacyon

¶ Whyle paynyme lawe had the domynacyon

¶ The thryd wall standyng on my lyfe londe

¶ The tyme representeth of Reuocacyon

¶ And the fourthe standyng on my ryght honde

¶ Determyneeth the tyme of Reconsplyacyon

¶ This is the effecte of thy byspon

¶ Wherefore the nedeth no more theron to muse

¶ Hit were but veyne thy wyttes to dysfule

¶ But duryng the tym of Reconsplyacyon

¶ Thy tyme of pylgremage loke well þ spende

¶ And then well gracyous Predestynacyon

¶ Byryng ihe to glory at thy law ende

¶ And even with that came to my mynde
¶ My fyrst conclusyon that I was aboute
¶ To haue dreuen et slepe made me to lute

¶ That is to say how Sensualyte
¶ Reason to a corde myght be brought aboute
¶ Whiche caused me to knele downe on my kne
¶ And beleke Doctryne determyne that doute
¶ O lord god sayd Doctryne canst þ not withoute
¶ The that conclusyon byng to an ende
¶ Ferre is fro the wytre & ferther good meude

¶ And even with that Dethe gan appere
¶ Shewyng hymselfe as though that he wolde
¶ His dartte haue occupied within that herbere
¶ But there was none for hym yong nor olde
¶ Save only I Doctryne hym tolde
¶ And when I herde hyr with hym comon thus
¶ I me withdrew behynde Morpleus.

¶ Dredyng full soze lest he with his dart.
¶ Through Doctrynes wordes ony entresse.
¶ In me wolde haue had or claymed ony part
¶ Whiche sholde haue caused me grete heuynesse
¶ Within whiche tyme & short processe
¶ Came thyder Reason and Sensualyte.
¶ I quodh Doctryne ryght welcome be ye

¶ It is not long sythe we of you spake
¶ He must er ye goo determyne a doute

¶ And euen with that she the mater brake
¶ To theym & tolde hit euery where aboute
¶ I wolde haue be thens yf I had moute
¶ For fere I loked as blake as a cole
¶ I wolde haue copen in a mouse hole

¶ What quoth Doctryne where is he now
¶ That meurd this mater straunge & dyffuse
¶ He is a coward I make myn auow
¶ He hyded his hede his mocyon to refuse
¶ Blame hym not qd Reason alway þ to ble
¶ When he seeth Dethe soo nere at his honde
¶ Yet is his part hym to withstonde

¶ Or at the leste way elles fro fym flee
¶ As longe as he may who dooth other wyle
¶ Is an ydede quoth Sensualyte
¶ Who dyedeth not Dethe wylle men hym dyspyle
¶ What said Doctryne how long hathe this gyle
¶ Be holden & vled thus a twye you tweyne
¶ Ye were not wonte to acorde certeyne

¶ Yes quoth Reason in this poynt alway
¶ To euery man haue we yeven our counsayll
¶ Dethe for to flee as long as they may
¶ Al though woth other wyle haue done our trauayll
¶ Eche other to represse yet withoute fayll
¶ In that poynt donly dyscordeth we neuer
¶ Thus condescended therein be we for euer

¶ A ha sayd Doctryne then is the conclusyon
¶ Clerely determyned of the gret doute
¶ That here was meuyd & halfe in derysion
¶ She me then called & bade me loke oute
¶ Come forth she sayd & feere not this route
¶ And euen with that Reason & Sensualyte
¶ And Bethe fro thens were banyshted all thre

¶ Then loked I forth as Doctryne me hadde
¶ When Bethe was gone me thought I was bolde
¶ To shewe my selfe but yet was I sadde
¶ Me thought my doute was not as I wolde
¶ Clerely and openly declared & tolde
¶ Hit sowned to me as a parable
¶ Perke as a mythe or a fayned fable

¶ And Doctryne my conceyte gan espy
¶ wherfore sayd she standest thou soo styll
¶ wherin is thy thought arte thou in stody
¶ Of thy questyon hast thou not thy fyll
¶ To the declared tell me thy wyll
¶ Herdest thou not Reason & Sensualyte
¶ Declared thy doute here before the

¶ Forsothe quoth I. I herde what they sayde
¶ But neuerthelesse my wytte is so thynne
¶ And also of Bethe I was so afrayde
¶ That hit is out where hit bent ynn
¶ And so that water can I not wyne
¶ without your helpe & benyuolence

Therof to expresse the veray sentence

Well quod Doctryne then yeue attendaunce

Unto my wordes & thou shalt here

Openly declared the concor daunce

At wene Sensualyte & Reason in fere

If thou take hede hit clerely dooth apere

How they were knette in one oppynon

Bothe agayn Dethe helde contradycon

Whiche concor daunce nomore sygnifyeth

To playne vnderstandyng but in euery mane

Bothe Sensualyte & Reason applyeth

Rather Dethe to flee then with hit to be tane

Loon that poynt accorde they holly thane

And in all other they clerely dyscorde

Thus is trewly set thy doubtfull monacorde

I heryng that kneled on my kne

And thanked her lowly for her dyscyplyne

That she wouchesafe of her benygnyte

Of tho gret doubtes me to enlumpne

Well was she worthy to be called Doctryne

If it had benomore but for the solucyon

Of my demaunde & of this straunge vylsion

And as I with myne hede began for to bow

As me well ought to do her reuerence

She thens departed I can not tell how

But within a moment gone was she thens

Then sayd Adorpleus let vs go hens
What I holde we here tarpe lenger
Hast thou not herde a generall answere

To all thy materes that thou lyst to mene
My tyme draweth nere that I must rest
And euen therwith he toke me by the sleue
And sayd goo we hens for that I holde I best
As good is ynough as a grete fest
Thou hast seen ynough holde the content
And euen with þe forthe with hym I went

Tyll he had me brought agene to my bedde
Where he me founde and then pryncely
He stalle awaye I coude not vnderstande
Where he became but sodaynly
As he came he went I tell you verily
Whiche done fro slepe I gan to awake
My body all in swete began for to shake

For drede of the syght that I had sene
Wenying to me all had he trewe
Actuelly done where I had bene
That batyll holde twene Wyce & Vertue
But when I see hit hit was but a whewe
A dreame a fantasie & a thyng of nought
To study thereon I had nomore thought

Tyll at the last I gan me bethynke
For what cause shewed was this bysyon

¶ I know not wherfore I toke pen & ynke
¶ And paper therof to make mencyon
¶ In wrytyng takyng consyderacyon
¶ That noo defaute were found in me
¶ Wheron accused I ought for to be

¶ For slouth that I had lest hit vntolde
¶ Neyther by mouthe noz in remembraunce
¶ Put it in wrytyng where thourgh manyfolde
¶ Wayes of accusacio myght toz me to greuaunce
¶ All this I sawe as I lay in a traunce
¶ But wheder it was with myne ey bodely
¶ Or not in certayn god knoweth & not I

¶ That to dyscerne I purpose not to dele
¶ Soo large by my wyll it longeth not to me
¶ Were hit dreame or byspon for your owne wele
¶ All that shall hit rede here rad or le
¶ Take therof the best & let the worst be
¶ Try out the corne clene from the chaff
¶ And then may ye say ye haue a sure staff

¶ To stande by at nede of ye wyll it holde
¶ And walke by the way of Vertue
¶ But al wey beware be ye yong or olde
¶ That your fre wyll ay to Vertue more
¶ Apply than to wyce the easyer may be bore
¶ The burden of the felde that ye dayly fyght
¶ Agayn your .iii. enemyes for all her gret myght

¶ That is to say the Deuyll & the fleshe
¶ And also the worlde with hith his glosyng chere
¶ Whiche on you loketh euer newe & freshe
¶ But he is not as he dooth apere
¶ Loke ye kepe you ay out of his daungere
¶ And soo the byctory shall ye obteyne
¶ Wyse fro you expeld & Vertue in you reyne

¶ And then shall ye haue the trūphall guerdon
¶ That god reserued to euery creature
¶ Aboue in his celestyall mansyon
¶ Joye & blyss in synpte eternally to endure
¶ wherof we say we wolde fayne be sure
¶ But the way thyderwarde to holde be we losse
¶ That oft tyme causeth þ good lord to be wrothe

¶ And by our deserte our habytacyon chaūgeth
¶ fro Joye to payne & woo perpetuelly
¶ From his glorpyous syght thus he vs estraūgeth
¶ for our bycypous luyng thorough our owne foly
¶ wherfore let vs praye to that lord of glozy
¶ whyle we in erthe be þ he wyll geue vs grace
¶ So vs here to gūde that we may haue a place

¶ Accordyng to oure Regeneracyon
¶ which heuently spyrtes his name to magnify.
¶ whiche downe descendeth for oure redempcyon
¶ Offeryng hymselfe on the crosse to his fad on hy
¶ frowbenygne Ihesu that bozen was of Mary
¶ All that to this byspon haue gyue her audyence



Graunte eternal Joye after thy last sentence

A M E

Here endeth a lityll Treatyse
named The assemble of goddes





